

FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS

MODERN

COMICS

10¢

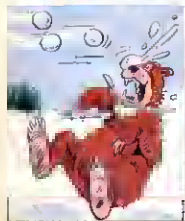
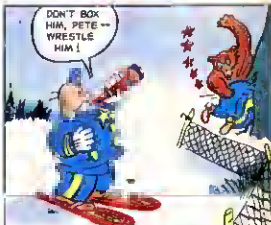
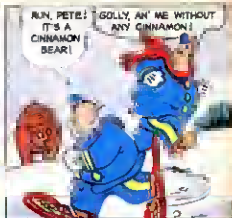
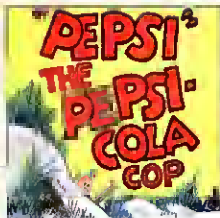
MAY
No. 49


Blackhawk
meets
FEAR!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM





These sinister souls
have nothing to fear...
except **FEAR, HERSELF...**
And **BLACKHAWK!**

Allow us to introduce you to this young lady—known by the name of **FEAR**!

HOW DO YOU DO?

Remarkable person, **FEAR**... a busy one, too!

WILL YOU EXCUSE ME? I'VE A LITTLE BUSINESS TO TRANSACT!

Someone else is coming toward her—I wonder if he truly wants to meet her—

WHY JOBARR! WHAT A PLEASANT SURPRISE!



That gives you an idea of what sort of young lady **FEAR** is!

DO YOU MEAN THAT YOU WATCHED WHAT I DID? BUT YOU WOULDN'T TELL ANYONE—



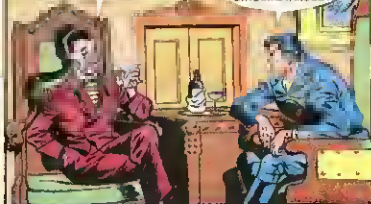
THAT MIGHT BE EMBARRASSING—EVEN DISASTROUS... TO YOU!



The police of the world are interested! Likewise —

I ASKED YOU TO CALL, BLACKHAWK, BECAUSE THIS SORT OF CASE IS YOUR SPECIALTY!

YOU HONOR ME, YOUR EXCELLENCY! BUT I KNOW ONLY A LITTLE OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES!



DURING THE YEARS OF TURMOIL THAT HAVE RACKED THE WORLD, CERTAIN SHREWD MEN WERE ABLE TO MAKE FORTUNES FROM CRIME WITHOUT HINDRANCE! WE KNOW VERY LITTLE ABOUT WHO THEY WERE —

NOT ENOUGH TO CONVICT! BUT WASN'T ONE CRIME CHIEF CONVICTED AND EXECUTED?



YOU MEAN RENARR, WHOM WITNESSES SAY PLANNED THE ASSASSINATION OF A HIGH COMMISSIONER? WE COULD NOT MAKE SURE, BUT WE THINK HIS PARTNERS WERE BAX, GINKEL, PROFESSOR NITHAR, JOHANN —

JOHANN'S THE MAN WHO WAS MURDERED! WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS?



THEY HAVE FLED — VANISHED! AN UNDER-WORLD RUMOR SAYS THEY HEADED FOR THE MOUNTAINS OF ZORANIA!

AND IT WOULD NOT BE GOOD DIPLOMACY FOR POLICE TO INVAD E THAT LITTLE COUNTRY, EH?



RIGHT! BUT THE BLACKHAWKS — UNOFFICIAL GUARDIANS OF JUSTICE — HAVE BEEN ABLE TO GO EVERYWHERE!

THEN WE'LL GO TO ZORANIA, YOUR EXCELLENCY, AND LEARN WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!



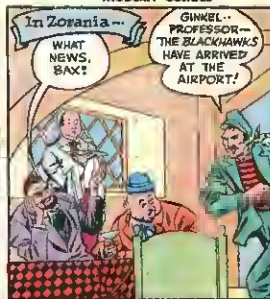
PARBLEAU, WE GO RUSTY WITHOUT ACTION! HENDRICKSON EES GAINING WEIGHT — OLAF SLEEPS ALL DAY — EVEN I, ANDRE, YAWN —

STOP YAWNING AND WARM UP THE PLANES! WE'RE TAKING A TRIP TO THE MOUNTAINS!



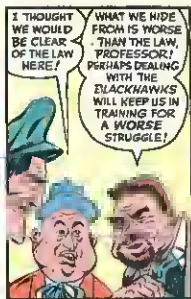


ZORANIA!
I HOPE THERE'S
SOMETHING
THERE TO
LIMBER US
UP!



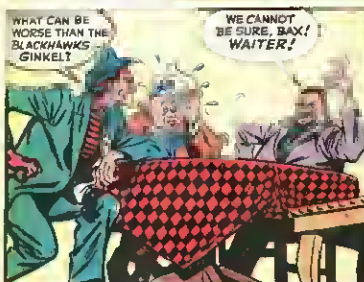
In Zorania --
WHAT NEWS,
BAX?

GINKEL --
PROFESSOR --
THE BLACKHAWKS
HAVE ARRIVED
AT THE AIRPORT!



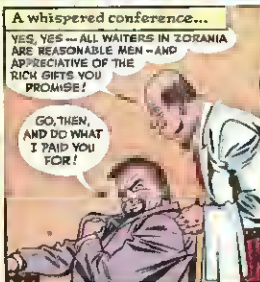
I THOUGHT
WE WOULD
BE CLEAR
OF THE LAW
HERE!

WHAT WE HIDE
FROM IS WORSE
-- THAN THE LAW,
PROFESSOR!
PERHAPS DEALING
WITH THE
BLACKHAWKS
WILL KEEP US IN
TRAINING FOR
A WORSE
STRUGGLE!



WHAT CAN BE
WORSE THAN THE
BLACKHAWKS
GINKEL?

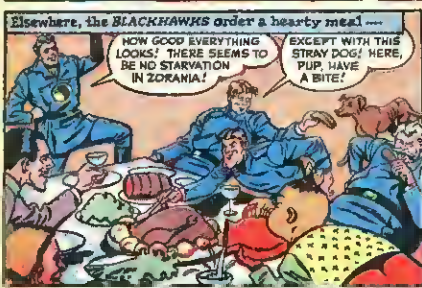
WE CANNOT
BE SURE, BAX!
WAITER!



A whispered conference...

YES, YES -- ALL WAITERS IN ZORANIA
ARE REASONABLE MEN -- AND
APPRECIATIVE OF THE
RICH GIFTS YOU
PROMISE!

GO, THEN,
AND DO WHAT
I PAID YOU
FOR!



Elsewhere, the BLACKHAWKS order a hearty meal --

HOW GOOD EVERYTHING
LOOKS! THERE SEEMS TO
BE NO STARVATION
IN ZORANIA!

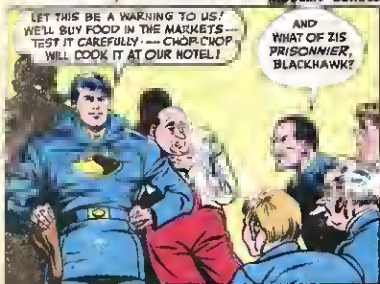
EXCEPT WITH THIS
STRAY DOG! HERE,
PUP, HAVE
A BITE!

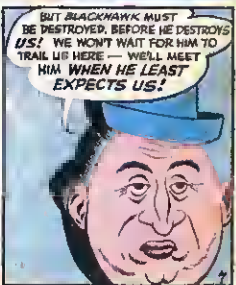
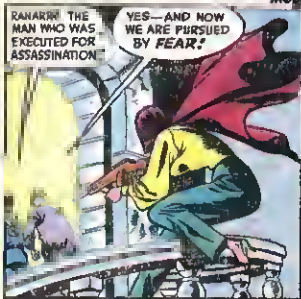


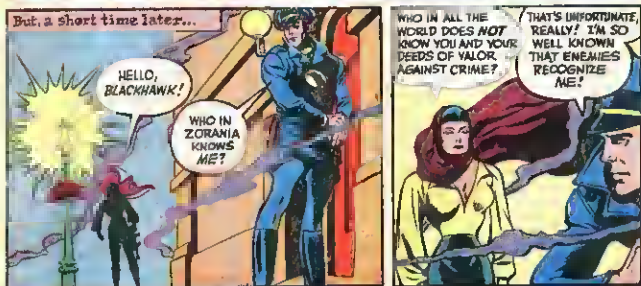
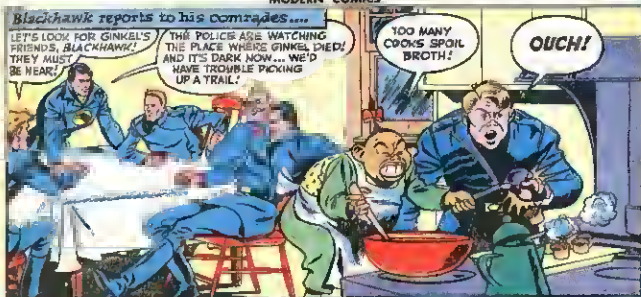
BLACKHAWK,
LOOK! THAT
POOR DOG --
DYING --

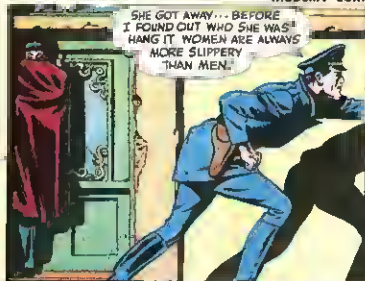
THIS
FOOD IS
POISONED!

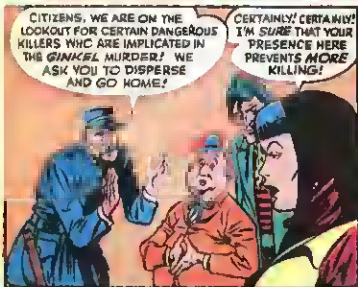


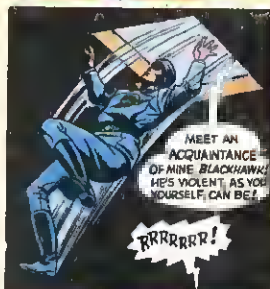


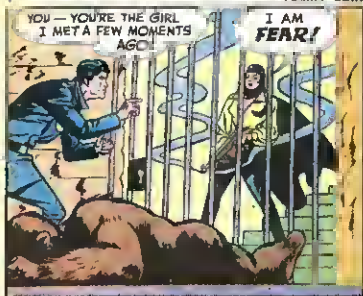


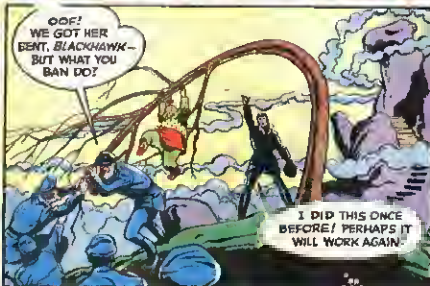


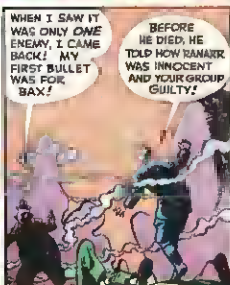
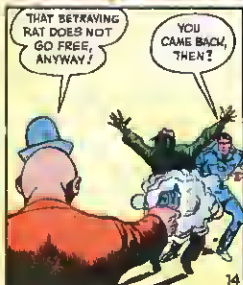
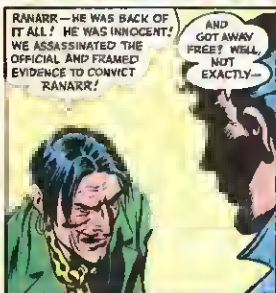














FEAR!



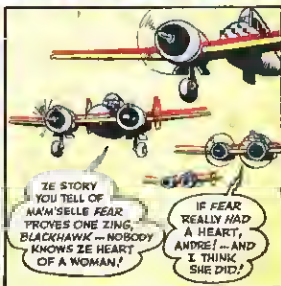
THANKS FOR SAVING ME AGAIN! BUT PLEASE EXPLAIN!



BUT I WAS ON THE POINT OF MAKING THEM CONFESS! WHY ---



I'M GOING BACK TO SEE THAT YOUR FATHER'S NAME IS PUBLICLY CLEARED! COME WITH US!

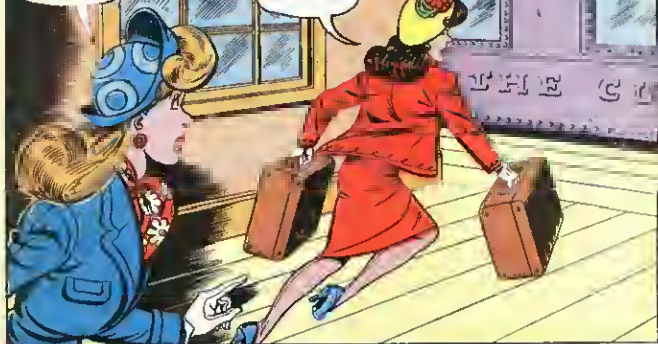


IF FEAR REALLY HAD A HEART, ANDRE! - AND I THINK SHE DID!

CHOO CHOO

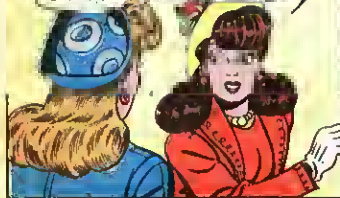
PLEASE,
CHERRY, WON'T
YOU CHANGE
YOUR MIND?

NO.
CHOO CHOO!
FOR THE WIDE
OPEN
SPACES!



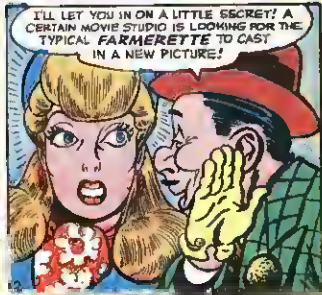
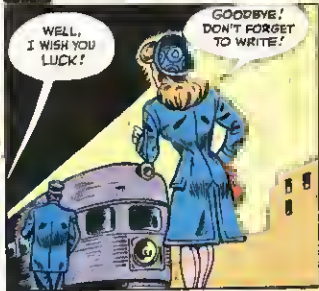
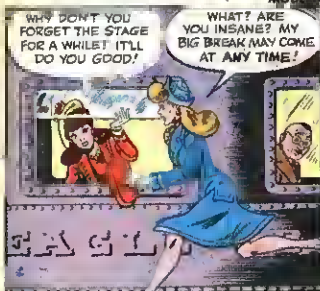
JUST THINK, PLENTY OF FRESH AIR AND
FRESH EGGS! WHY DON'T YOU COME
ALONG TO UNCLE FRED'S?

THE FARM MAY BE THE PLACE FOR
SIMPLE GAL'S - BUT NOT FOR YOU,
CHERRY!



OR AT LEAST
NOT FOR
ME!

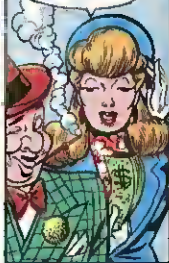




I'D BE WILLING TO HANDLE THE DEAL FOR SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS! BUT THEN YOU'RE NOT THE FARM TYPE! YOU'RE SO SOPHISTICATED!

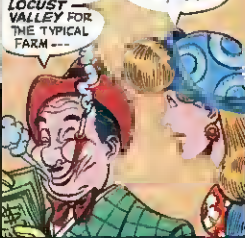


OH, MR. DEVINE, I'M NOT REALLY!

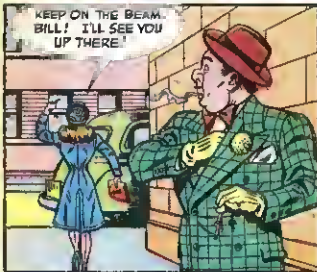


OKAY, CHOO, HERE'S THE PITCH! A TALENT SCOUT IS SEARCHING LOCUST VALLEY FOR THE TYPICAL FARM ---

LOCUST VALLEY? WHY, THAT'S WHERE CHERRY'S UNCLE FRED LIVES! OH, BOY!

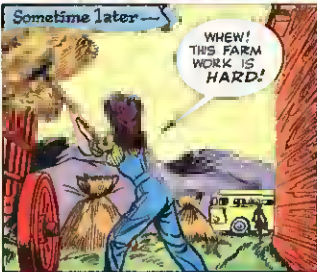


KEEP ON THE BEAM, BILL! I'LL SEE YOU UP THERE!



Sometime later ---

WHEW! THIS FARM WORK IS HARD!



I THINK CHOO CHOO HAD THE RIGHT IDEA!

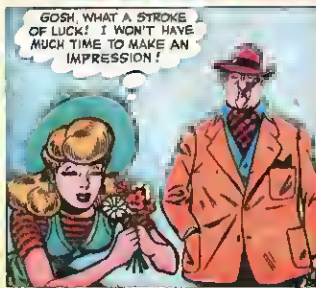
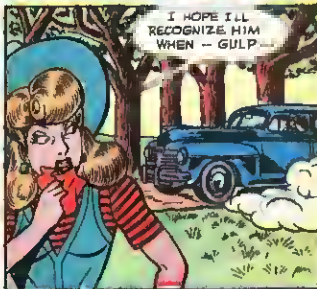
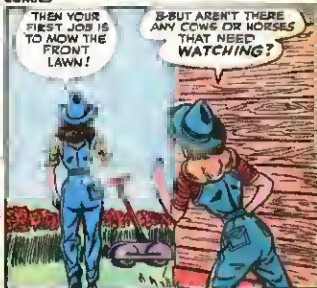
YOU'RE NOT KIDDING CHUM!

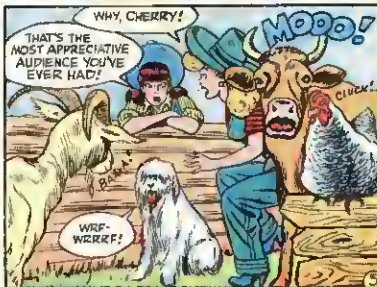
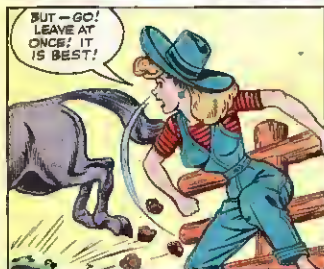
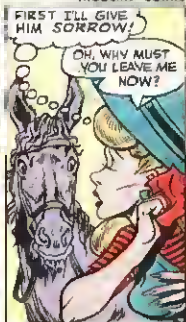


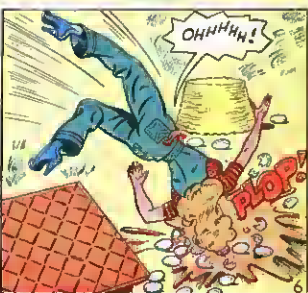
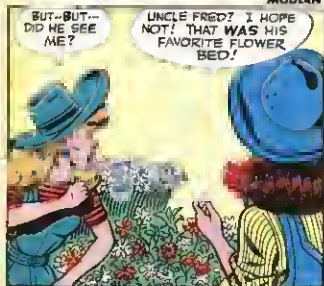
CHOO CHOO! THIS IS WONDERFUL!

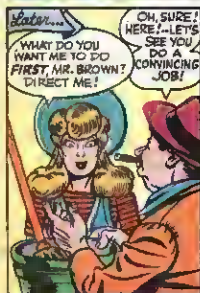
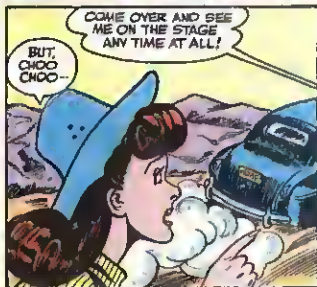
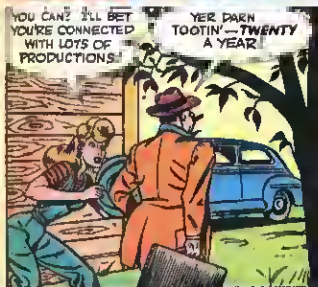
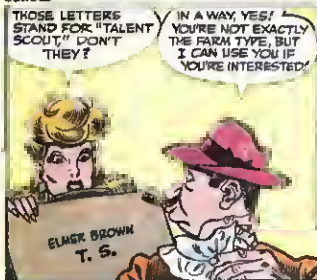
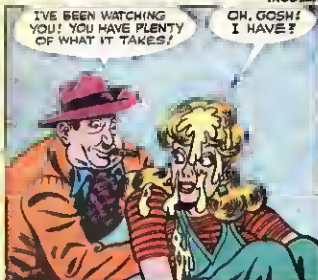
YES, I'VE DECIDED THE FARM IS THE BEST PLACE, AFTER ALL!

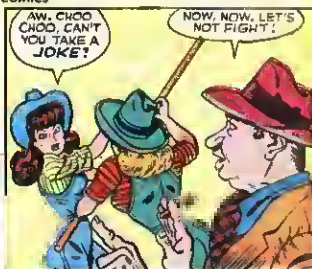












DEATH PATROL

TA-TA, FELLOWS!
I'VE -ER- GOT
ANOTHER -ER-
DATE!... YES,
THAT'S IT... A
DATE!



by AL STANLEY

DATE, BALONEY! HE'S BEEN GOING
OFF ON SOME MYSTERIOUS
MISSION EVERY NIGHT FOR A
WEEK - AND HE ALWAYS USES
THE SAME FLIMSY EXCUSE!

BAH!!

HAH-H!

GULP



GEE, JUNIOR, M-MAYBE HANK IS MIXED UP
IN SOME SORT OF TROUBLE AND
DOESN'T WANT US TO KNOW.

HEH?

GOSH!

WELL,
I'M GONNA
INVESTIGATE!



HOW! THIS IS AWFUL!
WE GOT TO GET HIM
OUT OF THAT TROUBLE!
WHY HASN'T HE
CONFIDED IN US?

SURE!
HANK SHOULD
KNOW WE'D
STICK BY
HIM!



DON'T WORRY,
MEN! I'LL TRACE
DOWN THESE EVIL
DOINGS AND
PROTECT HANK'S
GOOD NAME!

G-GOOD
L-LUCK!
GOSH!





ALL RIGHT, IT'S A DEAL! WE'LL MEET YOU AT THE CORNER OF MAIN AND THIRD STREETS TO COLLECT THE DOUGH!

I KNEW IT!

—AND DON'T FORGET TO DELIVER THOSE PLANES ON TIME, HANK!

OKAY, FELLOWS!

GULF HANK'S INNOCENT— I KNOW HE IS! THOSE CROOKS ARE FORCING HIM TO STEAL ONE HUNDRED PLANES!

GOSH!

DON'T WORRY, FELLOW!— WE'LL SAVE YOU BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! :SOB:

Back at Death Patrol Headquarters...

HEY!

STOP EVERYTHING! WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO!

WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT, JUNIOR?

IS HANK IN SERIOUS TROUBLE?

HE'S BEEN BLACKMAILED INTO SHIPPING AIRPLANES!

WHAT!

THEN WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

DEATH PATROL to the rescue!



I-I THINK WE'RE TOO LATE! I GULP! A CROWD HAS GATHERED AT MAIN AND THIRD!



ATTENTION, EVERYBODY! I'M ABOUT TO MAKE AN ANNOUNCEMENT—



I-WHATE! HE'S ALREADY BEEN CAUGHT BY THE POLICE! I GULP!

HOLD ON, FELLOWS! I'LL SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING!



GOSH!

STEP RIGHT UP AND GET 'EM! ONLY A DIME—10¢! GENUINE MINATURE DEATH PATROL PLANES! ANY KID CAN FLY 'EM!

HMF! STEALING PLANES, EH!

DEMONSTRATION TODAY

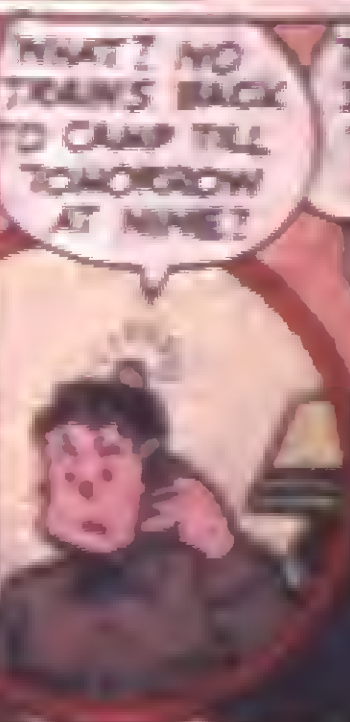
WINDOW DISPLAY

Ajex Toy Co.

PRICE 10¢



JOHNNY DOUGHBOY



PRIVATE DOGTAG

DUTY ROSTER

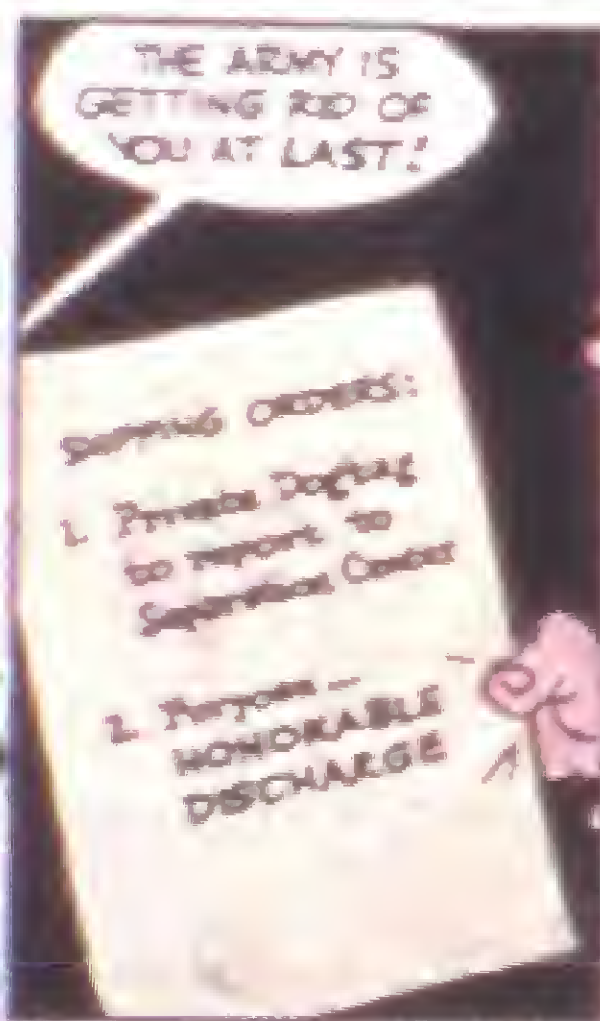
- 1 K.P. — MONDAY TO THURSDAY
ASSIGNED TO PRIVATE DOGTAG
- 2 NIGHT GUARD — MONDAY TO THURSDAY
ASSIGNED TO PRIVATE DOGTAG
- 3 SPECIAL GUARD — TO WATCH
ISS. M.L. GUN — ASSIGNED TO
PRIVATE DOGTAG
- 4 BARRACKS ORDERLY — FRIDAY,
SATURDAY AND SUNDAY —
DITTO TO PRIVATE DOGTAG
- 5 WHATEVER IT IS —
ASSIGNED TO DOGTAG

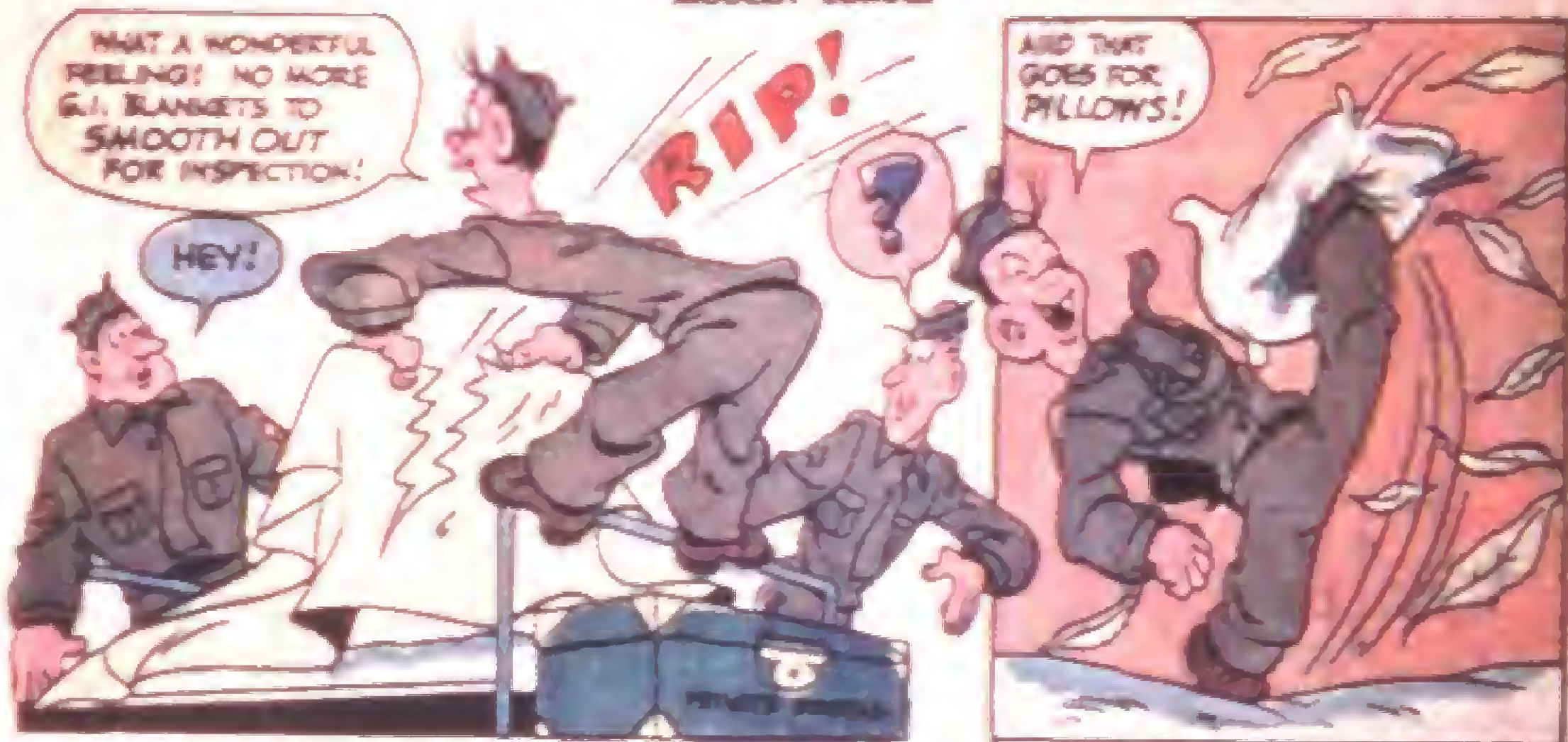
GOSH, SARGE,
WHEN WILL I
FIND TIME TO
TAKE MY THREE
DAY PASS?

HAVE! WHEN
I FIND TIME
TO GIVE YOU
ONE!











WELL, HERE GOES!



STAND AT ATTENTION, SOLDIER! YOUR NAME? RANK?

SURE!



PRIVATE DOGTAG! I...

DON'T SPEAK UNTIL YOU'RE SPOKEN TO! TAKE A CHAIR!... FILL OUT THOSE PAPERS!

YES-SIR!



YOU FORGOT TO SALUTE! ATTENTION! GOOD!

REMOVE YOUR CAP, SOLDIER, WHEN YOU SALUTE!

O-OH COURSE!



KEEP YOUR CAP ON! IT'S TOO LATE NOW! TOLD YOU TO FILL OUT THOSE PAPERS!



INSURANCE BENEFITS, MOTHER'S FIRST NAME! BABY'S LAST NAME!... NO CHILD?... WHY?... LAST JOB YOU HAD! FIRED! DRAFTED?... YES OR NO!

NO... I MEAN YES... ER...



HOW MANY TEETH ON YOUR LAST BIRTHDAY? PERSONAL PROPERTY POSSESSED? CHECK ITEMS 1, 4, AND 6!... ALL RIGHT, BEGIN —

GOD!



FILL IN MIDDLE INITIAL! TAKE OUT LAST INITIAL! UNIFORM CLEANED?



STOP HESITATING! PAPERS FILLED OUT?... CAP OFF!... SECTION 3B ON PAGE 4!... PURPOSE OF DISCHARGE?

FINISHED, SOLDIER! THEN LEAVE!
REPORT TO SUPPLY SERGEANT
OR BAGGAGE CHECK! STAND
UP STRAIGHT!

! GULP! :



HEY! SALUTE WHEN YOU LEAVE!
GET THAT BAGGAGE
IMMEDIATELY!

YES-
SIR!



HURRY!



STOP STALLING!...
WHAT'S BEEN
KEEPING YOU?

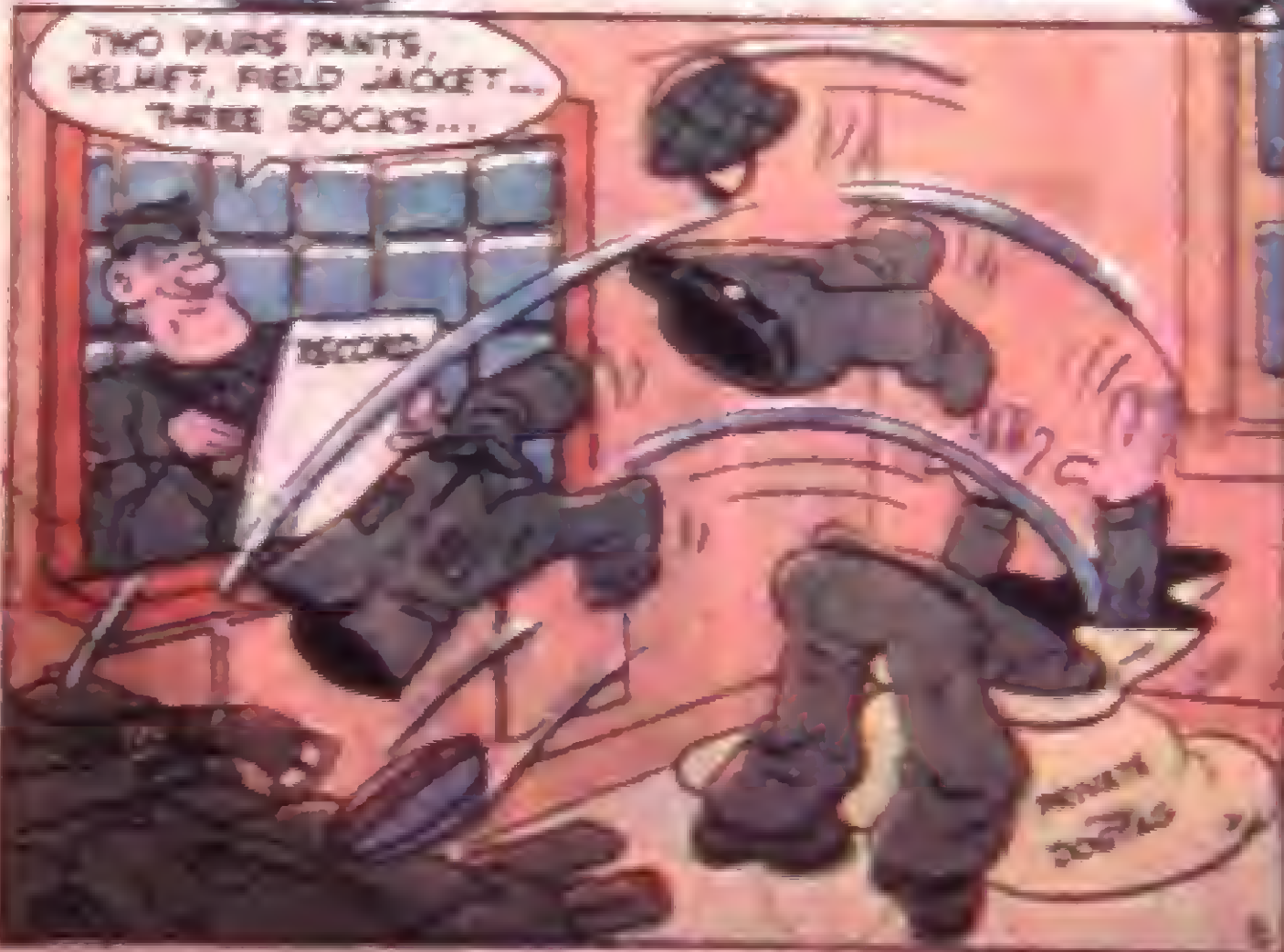
C-COMING!



QUICK! DUMP IT
HERE AND SORT IT!



TWO PAIRS PANTS,
HELMET, FIELD JACKET...
THREE SOCKS...



PRIVATE DOGTAG...
WHAT'S THIS?



WHE! ONE BUTTON MISSING!
TRYING TO CHISEL THE
ARMY, DOGTAG?

BE - NO ...
HONEST -
I - DIDN'T
KNOW!

THAT'LL COST YOU
EXACTLY SIX CENTS...
TO BE DEDUCTED FROM
FINAL PAY!

DOGTAG'S
RECORD

YAY! ... CLOTHES ALL CHECKED!
DON'T FRET! ... FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS!

Y-YES!

Deposit clothes
neatly on top
of pile

REPORT TO CAPTAIN'S OFFICE FOR DISCHARGE
PAPERS AND MUSTERING-OUT PAY!

COMING!

ATTENTION,
DOGTAG!





KICKBACK

LEW GULLIVER galloped along the mountain trail with a song bubbling on his lips. Lew was happy. It was a beautiful day, like most of the days in Arizona. The sun flamed in a sky of coppery clouds. Far up from the trail Lew could see several ancient cliff dwellings where once people had lived in America's dim past.

Lew's huge sombrero suddenly was jerked from his head and went sailing in the breeze. Then he heard the sharp crack of a high powered rifle. His horse reared, almost unseating him. Lew leaped from the saddle and crouched behind a handy rock. Whoever was shooting at him had come mighty close. The next little ngle in the crown of his Stetson attended to that.

Lew watched carefully from around the rock, but the shot was not repeated. Who the dickens was trying to dry-gulch him? Lew wondered. He had no enemies that he knew about. He was a stranger in this neighborhood. The town he was approaching — Mule Creek — was new to him. Lew came from across the mountain range, more than a hundred miles distant. He was going to see a man in Mule Creek on business.

After another moment, Lew put on his hat and leaped into the saddle. He wasted no time getting away from that vicinity. The trail narrowed and Lew tore along over it, uncertain as to what was his best course. He didn't like the idea of someone taking pot shots at him.

Nothing more happened, and soon Lew was riding along the single dusty street of Mule Creek. He watched for a certain sign reading, **JED STEBBINS, ATT'Y.** On both sides of the street there were stores, saloons,

gambling places, all of them built with high false fronts such as characterized the Old West architecture.

He reined up when he had reached the end of the street. He hadn't seen the sign he was looking for. Two other lawyers' signs he had noticed, however.

Lew rode up in front of the sheriff's office and dismounted. A young deputy leaned back in a chair, with his booted feet on the rail of the little porch rail. He eyed Lew casually.

"Hiya," said Lew. "Sheriff about?"

The deputy jerked a stubby thumb over his shoulder. "In there, I reckon," he said unconversationally.

Lew stepped through the screen door and confronted a heavy, beefy man with a great star on his breast.

"Pardon me, sir," Lew began. "Do you happen to know Jed Stebbins, the lawman?"

"Yeah," said the sheriff, without taking the huge cigar from his mouth. "What about him?"

"I came to town to see him, but I couldn't find his office. Thought maybe you'd know—"

"He ain't got an office," the sheriff bit off. "Leastways not no more. He cashed in his chips."

Lew gulped. "You mean—he's dead?"

"Them right."

"Hm," said Lew. "I just had a letter from him a few days ago. He said somebody hereabouts was interested in buying some land I own."

"Got plugged th' other night out to Toliver's place," the sheriff went on. "Who did you say you was?"

"I didn't," Lew told him. "I'm Lew Gulliver, from over Rock Ridge way."

The sheriff took his cigar

from his mouth and stared at Lew. "You Lew Gulliver?"

Lew nodded.

The sheriff got up. "Think I know the fellow who wants to make you an offer. Come with me an' I'll take you up to his office." The sheriff came around the desk and went out the door. Lew followed.

The sheriff looked a mangy cayuse standing at the hitching rail, and Lew mounted his big roan.

"Far?" asked Lew.

"Couple miles." The sheriff spoke to his horse and cantered off.

They rode out of town and turned up a winding canyon. Towering mountains lifted craggy heads high above the trail. They rode along in silence for a mile. Then the sheriff suddenly said, "Know Henry Kells?"

"Never heard of him."

"Kells wants to start a cow spread hereabouts," went on the sheriff. "He likes the looks of your land. Got plenty money. Kells has."

"But my land," said Lew. "Gosh, it ain't worth much. No grazing. Water only three months out of the year. I'd think Mr. Kells could do a lot better."

"Sure. So do I. But Kells likes your place so there you be. Not far now."

Lew pondered the thing. Why anybody would want that hotted patch of land he couldn't figure. But then it was none of his business. If the man wanted to buy it, okay. Lew didn't want it. He felt he would sound a fair offer.

At that moment Lew's hat sailed off his head and the spang of a rifle sounded. Lew jumped for some bushes, as did the sheriff. The latter had his

He was scanning the rugged terrain with a scowl.

"What the devil!" he said, "ornery varmint musta seen you, all right. Yer hat got a plumb center."

"For the second time today," Lew said. He held out the hat, displaying the two holes in the crown.

"The sheriff snorted." "Must be a shot for ya, bub. Where did the other shot come from?"

Lew told him. One thing Lew didn't tell, however: thinking over the two bullet holes, he believed that the man behind the rifle knew what he was doing. That if he had wanted actually to shoot him, he could have done so. Such shooting was too good to be taken as chance. But what did it mean?

They rode up a dusty lane and dismounted before a dilapidated ranch house.

Kells was a tall, thin man with a dry, raspy voice. He pointed to the point.

"I'm glad you come out, Mr. Lew," he told Lew. "Yeah, I want to start a spread here and I like the lay of that particular land. I'm ready to make you an offer."

Lew nodded. "Well, what had you in mind, Mr. Kells? I don't know what it's worth."

"Not much as the lay," Kells said. "But I figger with irrigation which will cost a pretty penny."

The window in the grubby office was smashed by a bullet. The lead sang overhead and buried itself in the plaster behind Kells' rolltop desk. All three men jumped to their feet.

Kells cursed. "Who the heck's shootin'?" he yelled. He ran to the porch with a gun in his hand. Lew sat down again and waited till Kells had returned.

Nothing had happened again. He could not make any deal until he found out what the mystery intended.

Lew made some lame excuse about thinking the matter over and he rode off with the sheriff.

He had seen a covert wink pass between the two.

Lew put up at the Steer Horn Hotel that night, after a hearty meal of ham and eggs. He had just pulled the blanket up when a sly tap on his window brought him up and reaching for his air-gun.

"Set!" said a strange voice. "I'm a friend. I'll come in. I have something important to tell you."

"Come on, but no monkey business," said Lew. "I got you covered."

The man entered the room silently. Lew lit a light. He got a jolt. The man was an Indian.

"My name's Jake Rocket," the redskin said. "I shot holes in your hat—and smashed window in Kells' office. I didn't want you to sell your land."

"Well, Jake, you're certainly frank about the thing. Why don't you want me to sell out?"

"You come with me and I show you, Lew," said the Indian. "I go out window again and meet you out front in five minutes, huh?"

"Sure," Lew replied. The whole thing seemed crazy, but he'd follow it through. Nothing else to do. The Indian had some reason for him not to sell worthless land.

Lew was outside in three minutes and the Indian glided away silently in front of him, after whispering, "No talk."

At the edge of town the Indian pointed out two saddled horses. They mounted and the Indian led the way through the darkness. The moon had not risen.

Two miles of an easy canter and they reined up at the eastern boundary of Lew's land.

"We walk from here," Jake said.

A low rocky range ran across Lew's land and here at its base Jake halted. The moon was just appearing and it was consequently lighter now. Jake pointed to some newly turned earth.

"Gold mine," he said laconically. "Gold!" cried Lew. "So Jed

Stebbins found gold. That is why he wrote me to come at once."

Jake said, "No, Jed no find gold. Not real mine. He find 'salted' earth. Kells plant gold here to fool rich man from East so he'll buy land for much money."

"So that's the reason Kells wants to buy, so he can make a killing on a bum claim?"

"That's right, Lew. Kells shot Jed. Jed my friend. You Jed's friend, too." Jake lapsed into Indian talk.

Lew held out his hand. "Thanks, Jake. You bet I'm your friend. We'll fix Kells! So that ornery coyote shot Jed?"

Jake nodded, pointed to a low mound a few feet away. "Buried there," Jake picked up a shovel and walked toward the new grave. "You go back hotel. I have job. See you manana."

Lew rode back to town, leaving the Indian's horse where he'd found it. He knew what Jake meant to do—rebury Jed Stebbins in the mine diggings, where Kells and the sheriff would find it when they showed the crooked mine to the Eastern man.

There was one difference to the plan, however, which Jake had sensed Lew would know, as he'd known Lew would understand the reburying deal. Jake knew that he—Lew—would tell the Easterner, who was staying at the same hotel, all about the proposed rooking he was in for. The Indian knew, too, that Lew would tell the story to enough people to convict Kells.

And that's exactly what Lew did do, the very next day. Somehow Kells got wind of it and left town without seeing the Eastern man. But the sheriff, just as guilty as Kells, had to tack up notices of reward for the apprehension of Kells, wanted for the murder of Jed Stebbins.

Rebillion wrote in script.

Will Bragg

by Paul Gustafson

PLEASE, MRS. MARCOLAHAN, FEED THE PURPLE RABBITS ON THE CEILING! DON'T THROW THE BOMB YET! IT'LL KNOCK MY SHOES OFF!

DON'T HAND ME THAT NALADKEY! WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO PAY THESE BILLS? AND YOU - TELL I GET MY MONEY. YOU DON'T LEAVE HERE AND NO ONE IS ALLOWED IN!

PROPERTY OF
MRS. MARCOLAHAN'S BOARDING HOUSE

MR. JENET! WHEREFORE ART THOU? FOR A ROSE IS BUT —

GOODNESS! HE MUST BE DELICIOUS! TO BETTER CALL A DOCTOR!







WHY YOU — YOU'RE LOOKING AT ONE OF THE BEST ENGINEERS THERE ARE! I'VE BEEN OFFERED FORTUNES FOR A RUN OF MY SECRET TIPS ON CONSTRUCTION!



SURE! HE FORGOT MORE ABOUT BUILDING THAN YOU'LL EVER KNOW!



I SHOULD SAY SO! SEE THAT BUILDING OVER THERE —

YOU BUILT IT? —

GEE! NOW WE'LL GET ONE BUILDING FINISHED BY NEXT WEEK!



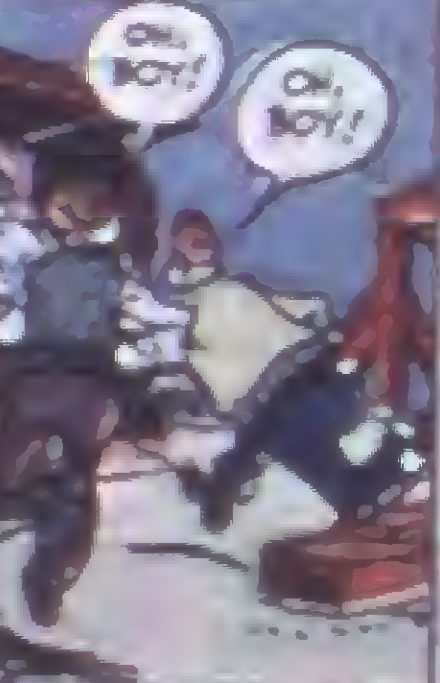
SEN — I DIDN'T KNOW YOU BUILT THE BANK BUILDING!



ER... I DIDN'T! I HAD A BIGGER JOB AT THE TIME! I WAS JUST GOING TO SAY THAT I FIGURED OUT HOW TO FINISH THE BANK BUILDING THREE WEEKS SOONER THAN IT WAS!

OH, BOY!

OH, BOY!



YOU'RE FIRED!



GOOD! I'LL TAKE MY BLUE PRINTS, TOO! YOU GUYS HAVE BEEN IN MY HAIR TOO LONG ANYWAY!

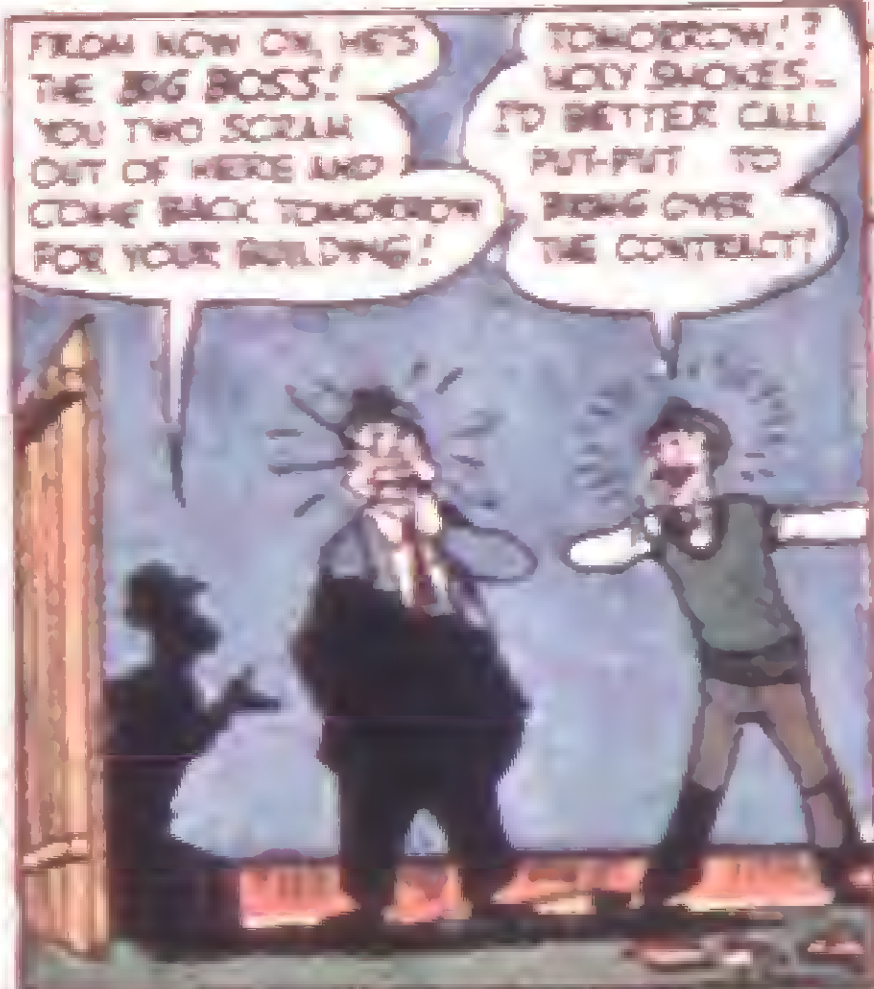


YAH! NOW SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO!

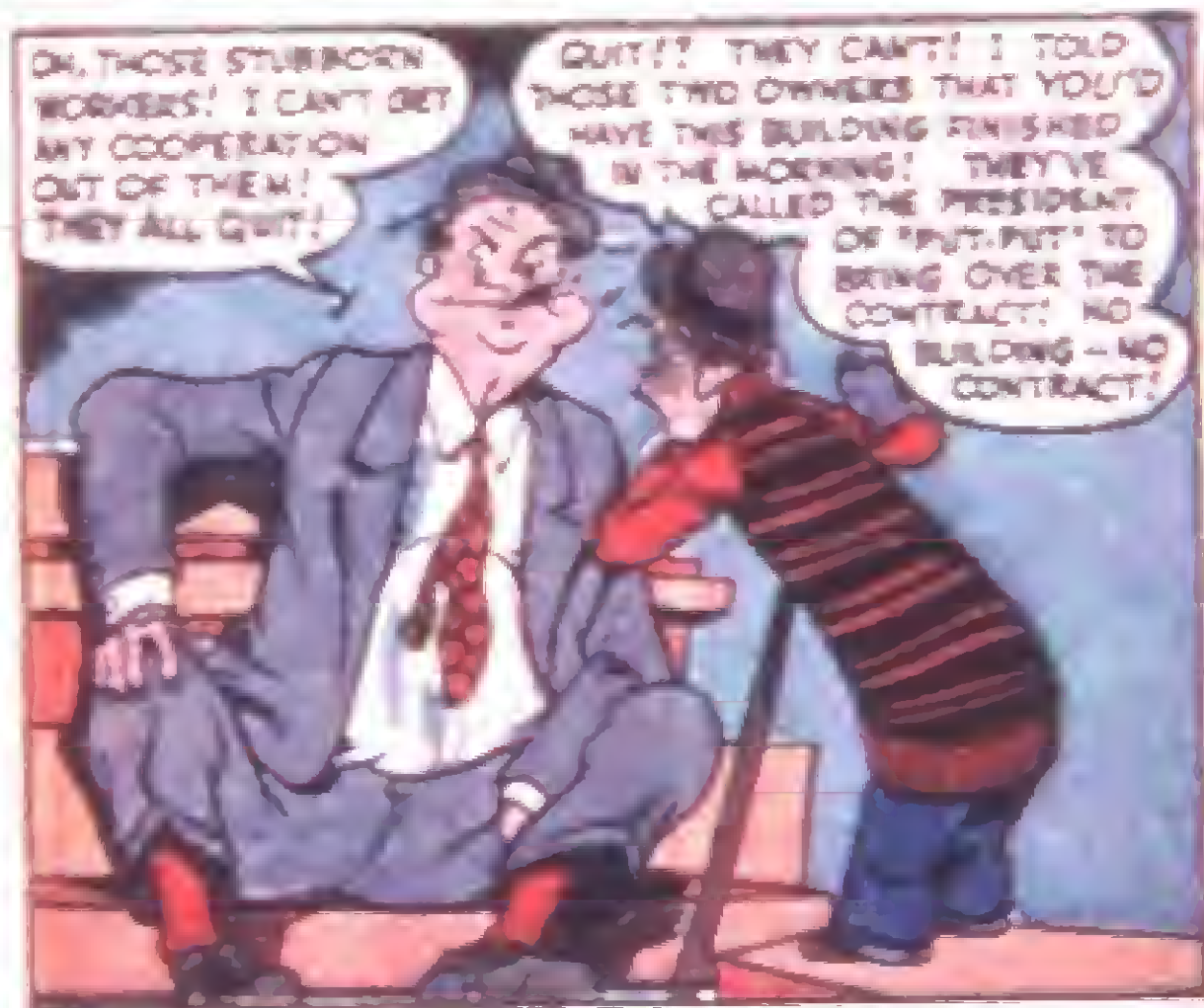
YAH, YOURSELF! WHO KEEPS YOUR BLUEPRINTS!

I WOULDN'T KNOW HOW TO FIND ANYTHING!











OH-ER-PARDON ME! I DIDN'T
KNOW WHO YOU WERE, MR. PUT-
PUT! WE'RE VERY CAREFUL
OUT HERE, ESPECIALLY WITH
OUR PRODUCTION METHODS
-ER- MILITARY SECRECY -
PATENTS PENDING - F.B.I. -



AH-H-H!
-ER-
MAYBE I
WAS A
LITTLE
HASTY!

AFTER ALL - MY PRODUCTION
METHODS ARE SO FAR
ADVANCED THAT THEY
SCARE SOME PEOPLE!
YES, SIR - MODERN
ADVANCEMENT AND -
ER - LOW OVERHEAD!



I CAN SEE THE LOW
OVERHEAD, ALL
RIGHT! WELL - I
GUESS YOU KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
DOING! ALL I
WANT IS PUT-
PUTS BUILT -
NO MATTER HOW!



AH, YES - THE
CONTRACT! THANK
YOU! ER - NICE
OF YOU TO STOP BY
-ER- SORRY THAT
YOU HAVE TO
LEAVE SO
SOON!

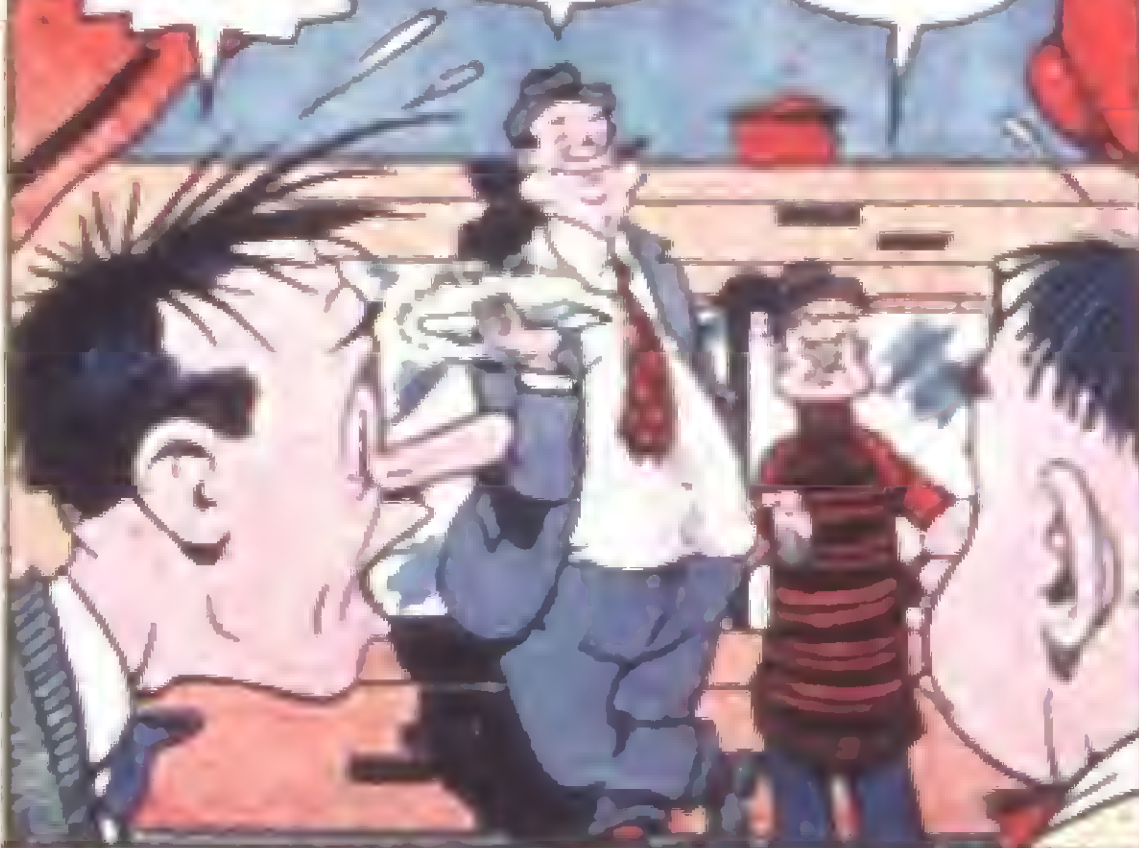
OH-OH! MARVIN
AND JONES! PUT-PUT
LEFT JUST IN
TIME!



OH-H-H-H-H!
OUR
FACTORY!

YOUR
CONTRACT!

OUR
DOUGH?!



THE CONTRACT!!
HERE'S YOUR
MONEY - AND
A BONUS!



A short time later...

OH-ER-DID
YOU MENTION
SOMETHING
ABOUT BILLS
YESTERDAY,
MRS. MAROULHANT?

YES - AND IF YOU DON'T
PAY THEM, YOU WON'T
GET OUT OF THIS ROOM
- AND NO ONE
GETS IN!



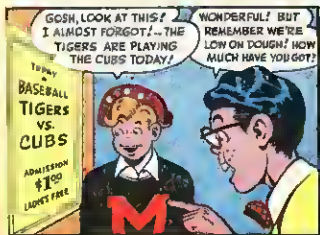
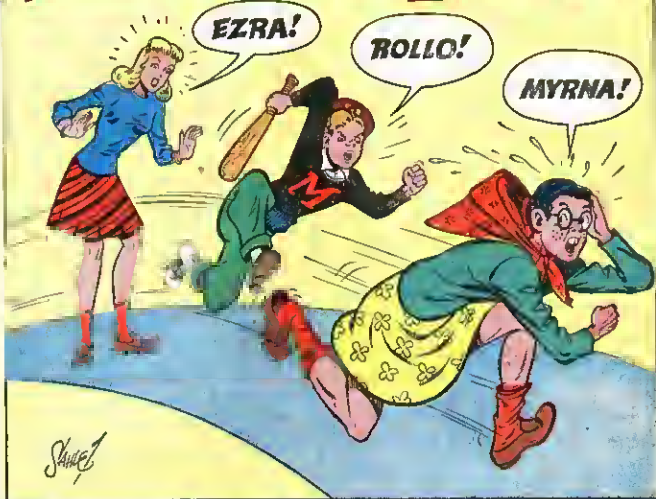
DON'T PAY
IT!

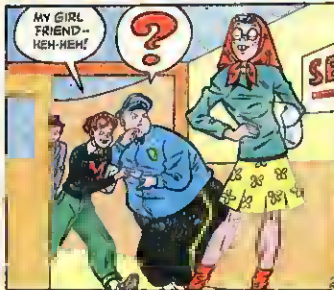
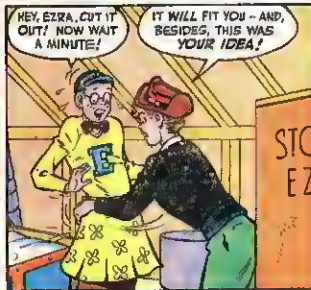
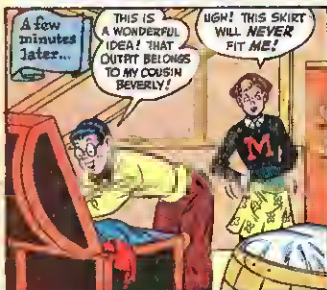
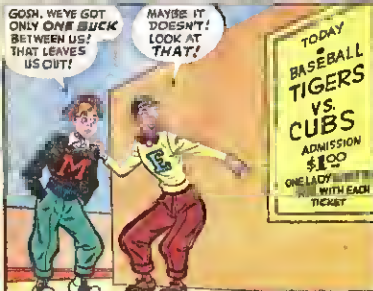


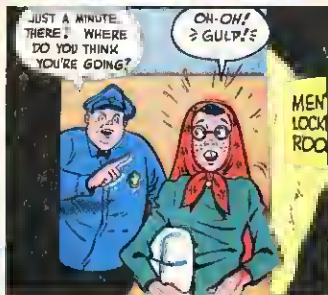
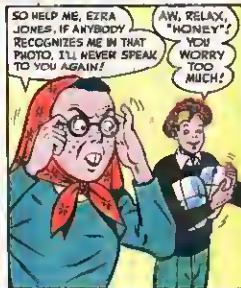
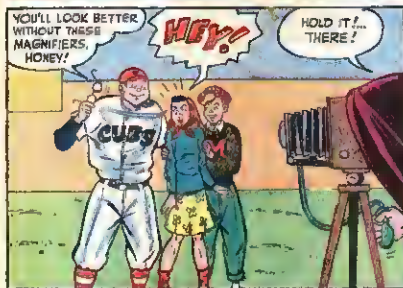
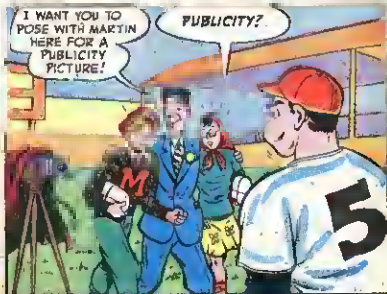
MARVIN AND JONES ARE AFTER
US! THERE'S NOT ENOUGH MEN
IN TOWN SHORT ENOUGH
TO WORK IN THE FACTORY!

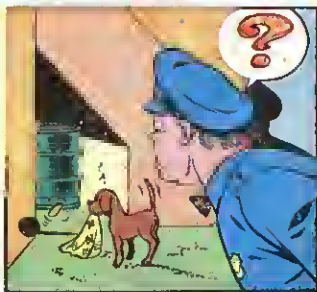
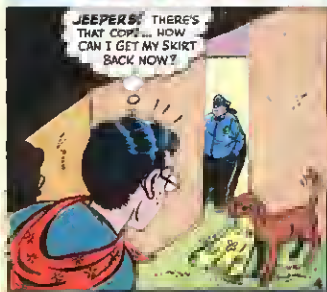
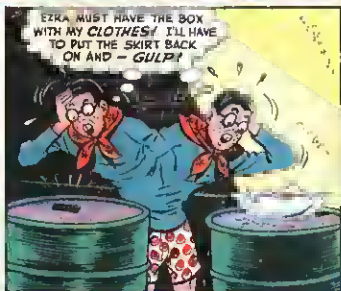
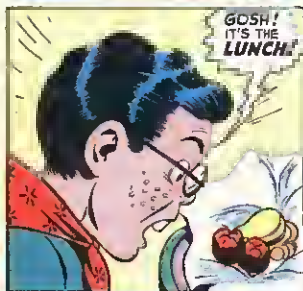


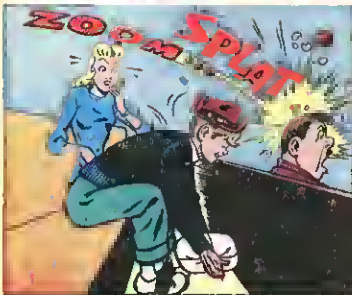
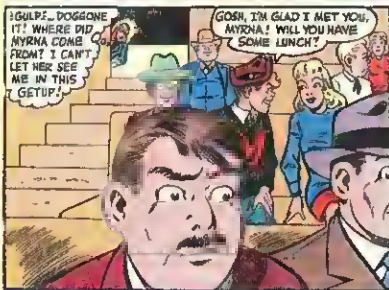
EZRA

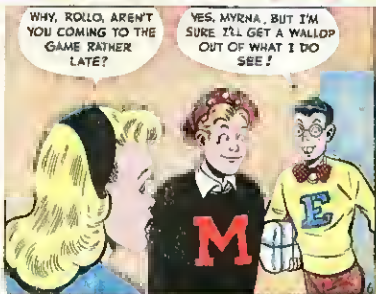
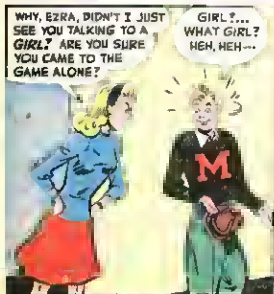
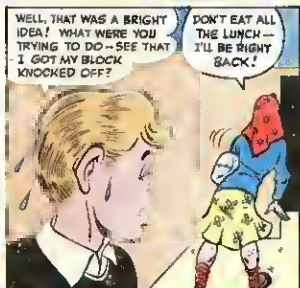
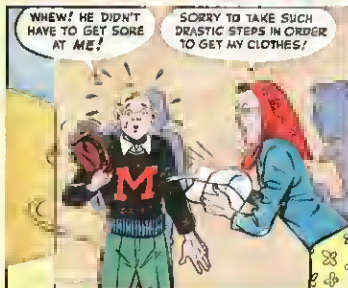
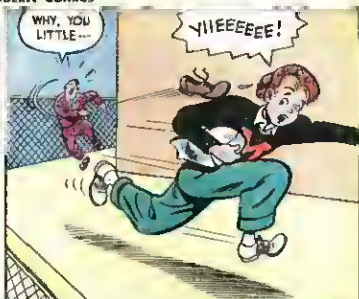


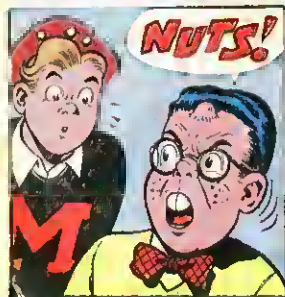
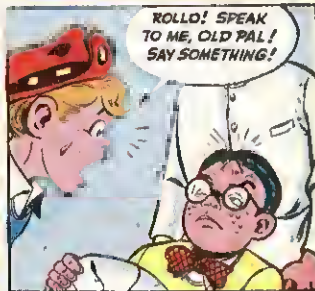
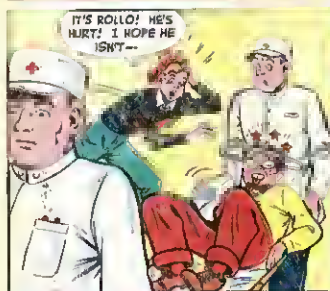
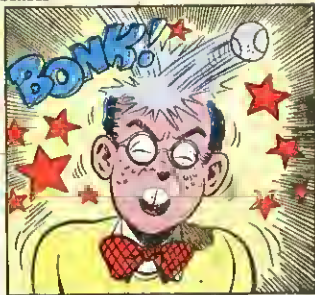
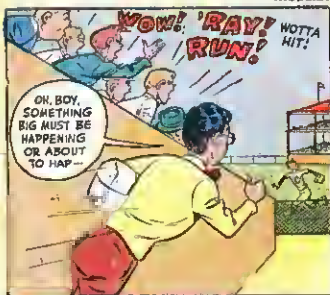




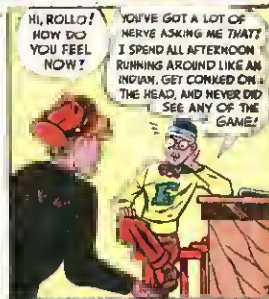


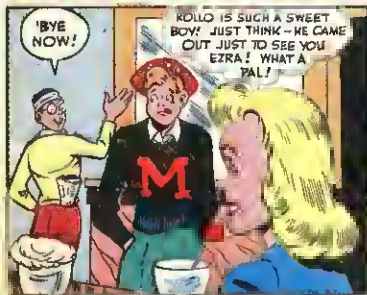
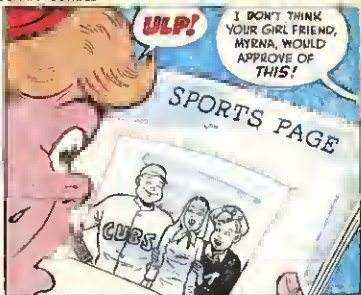






Time
passes,
and
time
takes
care
of all
things
--they
say!

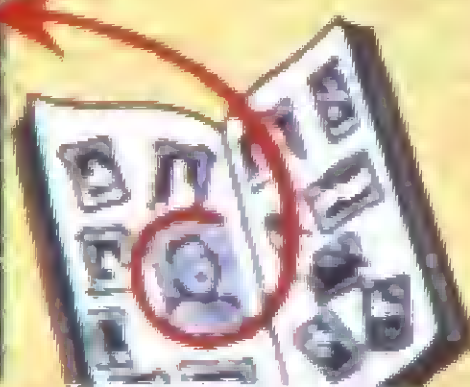






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